

Water Warriors

by goodgirl275

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Summary: What will happen when Emma, Cleo, and Rikki literally fall from the sky as cats after Firestar's death? Read to find out! Rating may (most likely won't) go up. (If this summery is terrible, then SORRY! This is also my first fanfic! *Happy Dance*)

1. Prologue

****Hi! This is my first story. I do NOT own H2O or Warriors. Please read and review! ****

****Mom: stop boring your readers, XXXX! ****

****Me: Yes, mom. Now, on with Water Warriors! XD ****

Starclan:

No one's POV:

"Bluestar?" Mewed Firestar. "why am I here? Do you have a prophesy?"

Because Firestar was on his last life, he was very cautious.

"Firestar," Bluestare began to respond, but before she could tell him what happened, Firestar realized he had glittery stars in his pelt.

"Did someone kill me? Am I... dead?" Firestar said softly.

"Yes." Bluestar replied. "But there is more. Three she-cat loners will arrive in Thunder Clan camp. You must tell the rest of the clan the new prophesy through their dreams. "

"Is that it?" Firestar asked.

"No, that is not it. Bramble_Star_ has just been named. He is now leader of Thunder Clan. Also, his apprentice, Winterpaw, is now Winternose, Thunder Clan Deputy." Bluestar said.

"oh, foxdung. I never liked that kit. Well, I'm off to tell Bramblecla- sorry, Bramble_star_ about the cats."

"Come Green Leaf, three loner she-cats will arrive.

Take care, though, for they will drive out a new danger.

"

"Perfect," Bluestar said. "I will get the girls. Like it or not, they _will_ become cats and save us with their fish tails and powers."

2. The Full Moon

**I don't own H2O or Warriors. I couldn't really understand Bella's character, so it is just the original three: Cleo, Rikki, and Emma.
**

**Mom: Again, stop boring your poor readers! I want to read your story! **

**Me: Ok, just let me- **

**Mom: Come on! **

**Me: Please Rate and review. **

I give you: Water Warriors! Tee Hee Hee Hee Hee... XD

The day of the Full moon.

Rikki's POV:

"Emma, shut the alarm off!" I say exasperatedly. "It's two in the morning."

"Actually, Rikki, it's two in the afternoon." Cleo says in her familiar Australian accent.

"The full moon is tonight, so we came over to start setting up your house." Emma adds. "You did say that you have the house to yourself tonight, right?"

"Ummm," I say, still half asleep.

Cleo sighs. "We didn't want to have to do this, but... "

I feel myself being pulled out of bed. Suddenly, a freezing cold blast of water hits my face, jolting me awake.

"Hey!" I shriek. _10, 9_ I start counting backwards.

_8, 7... _I sit down so I don't hurt myself when I fall.

_6, 5... _Cleo and Emma look at me expectantly.

_4, 3... _"Yes, my mom is out of town today. Good thing, too."

2, 1 I get a tingly sensation all over my body and I glare at the other girls as I become pure water, then I am wearing a scaly bikini top and an equally scaly FULLY FUNCTIONING TAIL.

As soon as my tail is fully formed, I hold out my hand over my tail, like I'm telling my tail to stop. I begin slightly wiggling my fingers, then I start to form a fist. Steam rises from my body. When the fog clears, I am in my pajamas, looking peeved, on the floor.

Emma sighs. "let's just get to work."

**That night: **

Cleo's POV:

I sigh as I look at the bathroom window, but have my gaze stopped by a solid, black trash bag.

Although I am not under the moon's spell, I feel the strangest urge to dive in the water and swim to Mako island.

Uh-oh. I register the fall of the trash bag and the sight of the full moon before my mind goes fuzzy. I want to go to Mako, and no one's stopping me. What would be nice, though, is if Rikki and Emma would come in here, see the glorious moon, and come with me.

Hmmm. Maybe they will.

Mwahahahaha! I made my first cliffie! And this is my second story update today! R and R for more chappies! (If even only one person reviews, I will make more story action.)

3. Mercats? Really?

**Hihi! I'm back! I have my first reader now, Sakuragurl, but I would like to give a shout out to another friend, too. On fanfiction, by friend XXXXXX Goes by Sarah Maxime. She rules. But, Sarah?
**

**Sarah: Yea, XXX? **

**Me: SHOUT OUT YEEEEAAAH! XD **

**Sarah: Please excuse my friend. Anyways, R&R! XD **

**Me: Without further ado, I present to you, my friends... **

**Mom: Out with the story already! **

**Me: Mom! Get out of here! **

**Mom: ... *Threatening glance* **

**Sarah: R&R! On with the story! **

Later that night:

Cleo's POV:

"Um, guys? Can I have some help in here?" I ask. I never knew that I could be such a sneak!

"What is it, Cleo?" Rikki asks, clearly annoyed.

"Ummm," I stumble. Maby they will follow me out as I go to Mako Island! "I want to go to Mako."

"Emma!" Rikki yelled. "She's moonstruck!"

"Call Lewis" I hear Emma yell, worried.

"It's the full moon!" I say. "Mako island is perfect. Something is going to happen tonight. A transformation is needed."

I march out of the bathroom, tearing down the moon proofing.

"Cleo! No! Bad mergirl!" Rikki yells, scared.

"What are you going to do?" I ask. "Look at the moon? We need to go to Mako."

With that, I turn her around with inhuman strength. She sees the moon and suddenly understands my need.

"Let's go to Mako."

Emma first.

We sneak up the stairs of Rikki's house, making sure not to make noise.

"Rikki? Is Cleo restrained? Rikki! Is she restrained!" We hear Emma yell.

We walk dazedly towards the noise. She is in a room, door closed, and we hear panicked breathing on the other side.

"Emma" Rikki and I say together like we are zombies.

We force the door open to see a panicked Emma huddled in the corner, eyes closed. Walking over, we pick her up against her fighting. Rikki holds her hands away from her eyes as I force one open, simultaneously pulling down a moon proofing covering a window.

"Mako." Emma Says.

Knowing I won't remember anything once the moon sets, I smile as we march towards the door.

* * *

><p>Emma's POV:<p>

"Rikki? Is Cleo restrained? Rikki! Is she restrained!" I yell, scared.

I hear them walk towards the room I am in, look at the chair under the knob, and squeeze my eyes shut.

"Emma" Rikki and Cleo say together like they are zombies.

Forcing the door open, I hear them walk towards me. I am huddled in the corner, eyes closed. Walking over, they pick me up against my struggling. Rikki pulled my hands away from my eyes as Cleo forces one open, simultaneously pulling down a moon proofing covering a window.

"Mako." I say as my mind goes foggy.

* * *

><p>Cleo's POV:<p>

We jump into the water and, as our tails begin to form, I absentmindedly hold my breath, counting.

Then the tingles come. I shiver as my body becomes crystalline and shimmers with water magic. Before I fully re-solidify, I flick my "new" tail and swim for Mako at full speed. Something is happening tonight. I can feel it in the very molecules of the universe.

We surface in the moon pool just in time, as the full moon rises and aligns with the mouth of the volcano.

I see a bright flash of light as two specks drift down from the moon, their starry bodies shimmering with magic.

"I am Bluestar and this is Firestar. We need your help."

Taking our silence as confirmation of our want to help, Firestar spoke.

"Cleo, Emma, Rikki... Our clans are in danger. We will tell you all you need to know. But you must decide if you want to help now. We can't come back for six moons."

Nodding in unison, the girls were swept up in a flash of light.

* * *

><p>On the Starclan hunting grounds, Bluestar had just finished explaining to the girls what Starclan wanted them to do.<p>

"So..." Rikki said. "You're telling us that we would be mercenaries? I mean, Mercats. Really."

"Yes, is there something you don't get?" Bluestar asked coldly.

"No, gosh, I'm just curious!" Rikki exclaimed, unnerved by Bluestar's cold gaze.

"Good." Firestar said. "You depart immediately."

The next thing they knew, Cleo, Emma, and Rikki were falling from the sky directly over the moonpool.

"Mrow!" Cleo exclaimed. Then adopted a confused look. "Where did that come from?" she ruminated.

Shocked, a grey tabby tom with clear, sky blue eyes jumped.

"Who are you!" He yowled.

"Ohmigod, are you Okay? Did you get splashed? Can you even see us?!" Rikki, Emma, and Cleo all said at the same time.

"YES, I'm fine, NO, I didn't get spliced, NO, I can't see you, and FOX DUNG! I was sharing tongues with Star clan!" The tom said, clearly infuriated.

The three now-mer-cats climbed out of the water. As Rikki raised a hand to dry them, she released that she didn't have hands, only a golden brown paw.

"EEEEK! I have paws!" Rikki said.

"Of course you have paws!" Jayfeather said, clearly annoyed. "You are cats, aren't you? Of course you are. Did you forget about me?" he said.

"No, we didn't, Mr... What's your name again?" Emma asked, clearly confused.

"I'm Jayfeather. Now leave, before I make you regret it!"

"You didn't forget about the 'three loner she-cats' did you, Jayjay?" Rikki said, sickly sweet. "'Coz we're them."

"Firestar..." Jayfeather said.

I made a cliffy! XD This time, I want two reviews before I update again. I hope you enjoyed the chapter, I stayed up late finishing it JUST for YOU, **Sakuragurl! Thank's again for reviewing! Also, potential Beta Search! I am not sure weather to get one, but if you want to, just ask, and I will check it out. Thank you for suffering through my writing. I am young. Give me time. Also, I am going to change this story to K+. I don't think this is going to get so mature it needs to be a "T". **

****I LOVE REVIEWS! **Sakuragurl was my first reviewer. Anytime anyone reviews up to chapter five, you get chapter dedication. This was **Sakuragurl's chapter! Yay, **Sakuragurl! Anyways, R&R!

*****You know you wanna. *****

*****Stillllll waitin'. *****

*****Keep 'em comin. *****

*****Mom: Would you just shut up already!

*****Me: Whatever. R&R! Bye!

*****-Goodgirl275*****

4. Relearning their Powers

**Hihi! I'm back! This chapter is dedicated to "Meg", a guest user. I am so excited that I got TWO REVIEWS! Anyways, my friend XXXX (XYZ) has decided to help me introduce this chapter. **

**Me: XYZ? **

**XYZ: Hi! I'm here! **

**Me: Sooo... Wanna do the disclaimer? **

**XYZ: Goodgirl275 does not own Warriors or H2O: Just add water. I can't believe that I'm on here! XD **

**Me: Bye, XYZ. So, R&R! **

**Mom: On with the story already! **

**Me: Okay, mom. **

* * *

><p>Cleo POV:<p>

"Umm, Rikki?" I say. "Were we supposed to say that?"

"Don't worry your whiskers off, Cleo." She replied. "wow, for cats, we look good."

Rikki was admiring her reflection in the still rippling waters of the moon pool. Rikki was a blue black tabby with a reddish underbelly.

Emma had Frosty white fur, but had muddy brown paws. Her tail had two black stripes at the end.

I looked at myself in the moon pool. I was also blue black but I had light grey stripes running across my body, like ripples on water. My eyes had changed, too. I saw frosty blue irises and deep black pupils. I looked wise.

"Well," cut in Jayfeather. "I should take you to camp before another clan cat attacks you. Or mabey I should take you to RiverClan. You do well in the water."

"Um." Emma said. "I think we want to go with you. Even the name 'Riverclan' sounds wet."

"Of course it dose, Emma." Rikki said. "A river has water."

"Follow me." Jayfeather said with a sigh.

* * *

><p>At the camp, we said 'Hi' to the clan; scooping out a small cave in a pile of rubble rocks, we settled in for the night.<p>

"Since Firestar died, everyone has been depressed." Jayfeather said. "Less kits, less happiness, worse focus in training, less food. We need help!"

"And we're supposed to do... what, exactly?" Rikki said. "Help you when all we want is to go home after this full moon nightmare? Ugh, no. I don't think so. I was moonstruck when those star cats approached us the first time. I'm going home."

"Rikki, you can't!" I exclaim. "These cat's obviously need our help. Who are we to accept something, and then, out of the blue, deny it? We aren't. Besides, how would you get home?"

"Actually," Jayfeather said, interrupting. "I know how. And I won't tell you how until you help us!"

"Fine." Rikki said. "Now, I want my powers back. Where is the closest water?"

A pretty grey striped she-cat named Shadypaw pulled in a large wad of wet moss. As it was set down, a few drops of water spilled on Rikki's muzzle.

"Augh! Get it off!" Rikki cried. "Out, out, out, Shadypaw!" she yowled.

As Shadypaw rushed to go, the ten seconds were up, and Rikki was still a cat.

"Hmmm." Emma said. "If our faces at least get wet, we stay normal. I think that we'll like it here."

Emma flicked her tail at the moss, then held it as if it were a pole.

The water iced over.

"Well." Rikki said. "This just get's better and better."

Pushing her tail up as Emma did, she started to slowly curl the tip down, and the ice melted. the moss began to get warm and proceeded to burst into flames until Emma put it out.

"My turn." I say, determined. I know that I can do it. I was always the last to catch on in learning to use our powers, though. Back home, it was only ages after Rikki and Emma learned to use theirs that I became adept at it. Breathing slowly, I point my tail at the moss, then flex. As I lift my tail up, the water bubbles out of the moss and becomes a living fountain, flowing where ever I point my tail. Sighing in relief, Rikki evaporates my water rope. I think that I will like it here.

* * *

><p>Emma POV:<p>

As soon a Jayfeather left us alone, we began to discuss what had happened over a mouse.

Yes, a mouse. What cats eat. Actually, its not bad. Tastes sort of like chicken, and if you added a sip or two of milk (which we didn't get) it would taste heavenly. I miss home, though. Oh, well.

ANYWAYS, we started our discussion. Rikki talked about the things that would be better at home, but she did admit that being able to touch water with our muzzle was a big plus.

After eating, we decided to walk to the lake.

"I wonder if we can get our front paws wet, too" Cleo speculated.

"Dunno." I say. "A nice torch would be nice about now, though. It's getting dark." (**For those of you who don't know what a torch is, it is a flashlight. I am American, but I'm trying to make it realistic, here!**)

As we go to the water's edge, I lap up some, touching the water with the tough pad of my paw.

Ten seconds pass. Nothing happens.

I keep wading in, and once the water touches the soft fur of my underbelly, I transform. _Darn! No time delay! Oh, well._ I think.

"Guys?" I say. "I found the limit. Let the water touch your underbelly, you transform. No 10-second delay." They touch their underbellies just as I say this.

Now we have an odd problem.

"Rikki, Emma?" Cleo asks. " How do we use our powers without cat tails?"

As if in answer, I feel something detach from my fish tail. "Cleo?" I say. "I think I found your answer. We're double tailed freaks."

"Oh, come _on_." Rikki complains.

"Not now, Rikki." I say frostily.

"No, it's cold in here!" She says. "Did you do something, Emma?"

My eyes narrow angrily and my tail flicks. In the shallows, I see Rikki enclosed in a block of ice.

"How's that for cold." I hiss.

"Whatever." She says, thawing the ice with a curl of her tail.

"Let's dry off." Cleo says, bing a peacemaker. "Don't want a clan cat to see us here."

* * *

><p>Sorry this chapter took so long! I worked on it at school friday, then read all of Saturday, and then read and wrote today. I am off on SPRING BREAK! but I am going to Horsey Camp on Tuesday. There is no internet there. It is **sleep away. I have no 3-G device. Please don't kill me! Well, I will try to get one more chapter in, but ONLY IF I GET _THREE REVIEWS! _I love my readers. See you next time! My mom says "BYE, EVERYONE", but not in all caps. And the 'bye everyone' part. Well, tuning off. R&R! XD**

5. New Names and Kits?

This Chapter is dedicated to Swiftstorm of Forestclan for her review. To get a new chapter from me, I want FIVE WHOLE REVIEWS! My last chapter had the most words of any chapter I have ever written. Sorry if this chapter is a bit lame, I am going to a sleepaway horsie camp with no internet connection whatsoever for four days. Yay, Spring Break! I just wanted to get in a tad of writing for my wonderful readers! :-P So... Is that it? No. Neither Mom or any other people will have dialogue before any chapter now unless any reviewers want otherwise. Last thing: I am not sure if it is the "Highrock" or "Highledge" in the forest surrounding the **moon pool. I am not very good at scenery. If I get facts mixed up, Please tell me in a review! I will give virtual cookies! XD**

**Disclaimer: Goodgirl275 does not own Warriors or H2O. She only owns a few OC cats and her mom. By the way, her mom says: "Hello, everyone. NOW GET ON WITH THE &\$\$*\$\$ STORY!" **

Me: Disclaimer... :-(I comin' to get you. Well, read on as I **strangle the disclaimer. Bye! :-P **

* * *

><p>Cleo's POV:<p>

"So." Rikki said. "What now? We relearned our powers, got used to walking, and have discovered the joys of fresh kill."

"Well." Jayfeather said. "Now you see Bramblestar. He is clan leader. Firestar was before him. Before Firestar was Bluestar. Hey, I've got an idea. Follow me!"

We walked through the camp, taking in our surroundings. Jayfeather led us to a tunnel at the base of a tall rock.

"Bramblestar!" He calls softly.

As we enter the tunnel, we see a big, muscular cat with a dark pelt sitting in the back. A silvery blue she-cat named Downypelt sits behind him, sharing tongues. I think that she is Bramblestar's mate.

"Yes?" Bramblestar says tiredly.

"These are the three she-cats of the prophesy. I thought it might be easier for the clan to accept them if they had warrior names." Jayfeather said.

"Wait, wait, wait." Emma said.

"Why should we change our names?" Added Rikki.

"We don't want to forget who we are." I finished off.

As the discussion that followed became more heated, we all became more and more angry. Then, to all of our surprise, Rikki caved. Then Emma. Seeing I was fighting a worthless fight, I give in.

"So, what do you suggest we name you?" Bramblestar asks.

"We should give them warrior names." Jayfeather said.

"Fine. Hmmm." Bramblestar said.

"I have an idea," Downypelt said.

* * *

><p>A little while later, we gathered on the High Rock.<p>

"Let all cat's old enough to catch their own prey gather beneath the High Rock for a clan meeting!" Bramblestar yowled.

As the cats gathered, I steadily became more nervous.

"Recently, Starclan has been sending us the new prophesy to everyone outside of the nursery. This is the prophesy, for all of the queens:

Come Green Leaf, three loner she-cats will arrive.

Take care, though, for they will drive out a new danger. "

The cats murmured if they had heard the prophesy in their dreams.

"We thought that, since they will be staying here" Bramblestar said. "They will need new names. The other clans might act hostile."

"They will be warriors." Jayfeather added.

"Yes. I, Bramblestar, leader of Thunderclan, call upon my warrior ancestors to look down on these cats. They have trained hard to understand the ways of your noble code, and I commend them to you as a warrior in their turn. Cleo, Rikki, and Emma, do you promise to uphold the warrior code and to protect and defend your Clan, even at the cost of your life?"

In unison, we said "I do."

"Then by the powers of Starclan," Bramblestar said "I give you your warrior names. Cleo, from this moment you will be known as Mosstide. StarClan honors your your bravery, and we welcome you as a full warrior of ThunderClan. Rikki, from this moment you will be known as Flametail. StarClan honors your your wisdom, and we welcome you as a full warrior of ThunderClan. Emma, from this moment you will be known as Frostpelt. StarClan honors your your wisdom, and we welcome you as

a full warrior of ThunderClan."

"Thank you," Frostpelt, Flametail, and I said.

"Tonight, you will stand a silent vigil. We will see you in the morning." Bramblestar said as the sun dipped below the horizon.

We nodded in assent.

* * *

><p>No one's POV:<p>

"Bramblestar," said Silvershine, Downypelt's sister. "Are you sure it is wise to leave them here alone?"

"They will be fine." Bramblestar said. "I only wish that Firestar was here. I know that he guides me from above, but we all still miss him."

"I know." said Silvershine as Downypelt streaked up to them.

"Bramblestar!" Downypelt said. "Silvershine! Glorious news! I am having kits!"

"Silvershine! On the eve of the arrival of the new three! Congratulations!" Silvershine said.

Bramblestar stood, rooted to the ground, in shock. He was going to be a father! It was amazing!

Downypelt just smiled at his shocked elation.

"First time fathers." Silvershine said with a smile. She had already had two litters of kits, with three kits each time.

* * *

><p>So! Give me feedback! I will be gone from 3/19/13 to 3/23/13. I love my reviewers. If I get one new person to review in the time I am gone, my next chapter will be up in a flash! Also, I am not sure where to go with this story. If anyone has an idea, tell me and there is a good chance that I will use your idea! I will give credit though. See y'all next time! (I am southern, so I say "y'all". It is actually plural for those of you who think that it is singular. My southern French ****teacher was reading a book with a southern detective and he was talking to one small boy in a graveyard and called him "y'all!" I have no clue how northerners say "you all" every time. But I am off topic now. Anyways, Bye! :-P) **

6. When Squirrels Fly

**OMG! It has been so long since an update! This chapter is dedicated to enchantedforest33 for her review. Again, I am S000000 sorry for the long wait! R&R! **

Squirrelflight's POV:

The new cats are in a small den cleared among the rubble making up one wall of the Thunderclan camp. I pad towards the den, cautious, but as I begin to pass the gorse tunnel leading to Bramblestar's den, Downypelt rushes past me. I see Silvershine and Bramblestar sharing tongues inside.

"Bramblestar! Silvershine!" Downypelt said. "Glorious news! I am having kits!"

"Downypelt! On the eve of the arrival of the new three! Congratulations!" Silvershine said.

Bramblestar stood, rooted to the ground, in shock. He was going to be a father! To her kits! This is terrible.

Poking my head in, I see Downypelt smiling at his shocked elation.

"First time fathers." Silvershine said with a smile. She had already had two litters of kits, with three kits each time.

I tear myself away, fighting back my sadness. Ivypool sneaks up next to me.

"How are you?" She says.

"Oh my Starclan, Ivypool, you really had me spooked for a second!" I say loudly. "Stop sneaking up on people; it's not nice."

"I'm not supposed to be nice;" she replied. "I'm a Dark Forest regular. Speaking of the Dark Forest, Tigerstar told Hawkfrost to have a little 'chat' with me."

"Well?! What happened?!" I almost yowl. I glance at Flametail, Frostpelt, and Mosstide. They are conversing quietly among themselves.

"I was talking to him, and he said that Downypelt was having kits!" Ivypool said, catching my gaze and tearing it away from the new clan cats.

"Don't remind me." I mutter.

"Well, anyways, he said that the kit's aren't Bramblestar's!" Ivypool says to me. I freeze at the implication of the words.

"Then... who's are they?" I ask. Bramblestar can still be mine yet!

"Hawkfrost said that the kit's are her's with... Snowtuft!" She hisses.

So... Snowtuft. He tried to kill Ivypool. That means that Downypelt is Dark Forest Trash.

"I already told Dovewing. Lionheart is waiting for me. See you around, Squirrelflight." Ivypool says.

"Hello." Mosstide says, shocking me out of my thoughts.

* * *

><p>POV Change: Mosstide:

"Hello." I say to the dark, ginger she-cat walking aimlessly throughout the camp.

Her head snaps up to look at me. Her eyes are a brilliant green, and one of her ear tip's is torn. Her squirrel-like, bushy tail triggers a memory.

_Flashback in italics: _

_Lewis held up his laptop. On it was a picture of a squirrel. Pasted on the squirrel's head was a picture of Charlotte making a face to give herself giant buckteeth. _

_I laugh. Lewis holds me close and we lean in. Our lips brush each other's and I feel light as a cloud. We kiss again, then part, smiling gently. _

End Flashback.

"Hello? Hello? Should I take you to Jayfeather's den? Hello?" The cat (who's name I would later learn to be Squirrlflight) was looking at me worriedly.

"Oh! Yes! Sorry. Shouldn't have spaced out on you like that. Sorry." I say. "Anyways, I could wondering if you could show me where the bathroom is?"

* * *

><p>Okay! Sorry it was so short! :-(There was a big storm today and I didn't have much homework, so I got a chapter in. I would like to give a "Shout out Extra Credit" if you watch CNN Student News (My homeroom teacher plays it daily.) My Online friend Mailine is depressed. I hope she feels better soon. If you want to see her profile, she is in the reviews; or you could just type her username into the little search button box thingie. Please Review! All flames will go to roast virtual **marshmallows for the nice reviewers! REVIEW! :-)**

7. The Dirtplace

Hiiii! i am typing on my nook and staying up late to type this so please excuse me for any errors. i want to thank my 3 reviewers: sakuragurl, mailine, and enchantedforest33. Sorry I took so long to update. I had a cross country trip that took a week. without further ado, the [filler :-(] chapter!

* * *

><p>Mosstide POV:<p>

"Umm." said Flametail. "So, when you said we had to go in a dirty place, you meant literally. The dirt place. Wow." **(if you didn't catch that, i attempted sarcasm.)**

We pad out of the side area called the dirtplace. We have just finished doing our "business" if you catch my drift.

Ivypool rushes past, not hearing Rikki's mew of surprise as she rushes past.

Downypelt traipses behind her, causally following. Ivypool looks like she doesn't want to be disturbed.

Thankfully for Ivypool, Lionheart is padding into camp from a hunting patrol. He stops Downypelt and chats with her, much to the she-cat's distress.

All of us are getting the hang of life here. Flametail, Frostpelt and I are trying to fit in, but to do that, we need friends on the inside. Originally, Rikki - I mean, Flametail, thought of bonding with Jayfeather, but a) he is a tom, and b) he is a bit of an antisocial cat, only coming out when he has to.

So we thought of Squirrelflight.

The only other cat we ever had much communication with besides the clan leader and his mate.

Silently agreeing with each other, we padded after Ivypool, who was muttering about Squirrelflight.

"She needs to know" Ivypool muttered. "But should I tell her everything? She'd just get upset... Darn..."

Ivypool came to a sudden halt. She had climbed through a gap in the dirtplace barrier. What she faced was a horrible sight.

Instead of Squirrelflight, Ivypool, and us, were in the center of a ring of foxes, all slavering, liking their chops, and grinning evil, toothy smiles...

8. Fox fight!

****Hi, Y'allz! I am going to be traveling to another continent over the summer, so I can't update much but in the few weeks I will have out of my numerous camps. Sorry I haven't updated in a while! R&R. Now, on with Water Warriors!****

* * *

><p>Last time, on Water Warriors!

Silently agreeing with each other, we padded after Ivypool, who was muttering about Squirrelflight.

"She needs to know" Ivypool muttered. "But should I tell her everything? She'd just get upset... Darn..."

Ivypool came to a sudden halt. She had climbed through a gap in the dirtplace barrier. What she faced was a horrible sight.

_Instead of Squirrelflight, Ivypool, and us, were in the center of a ring of foxes, all slavering, liking their chops, and grinning evil,

toothy smiles..._

* * *

><p>Flametail POV:<p>

I am not one to shy from danger, let me tell you that. But this... Death Trap had me scared, really scared, for once in my life.

I wanted to go out with my head held high, though. Oh, Zane, I'll miss you! I cry in my head to the heavens. If only I could take us to the beach one last time, give you a steam bath in a tidepool, or something... Wait! Tide pool! That's it!

"Well, it was nice knowing you guys," I say to Cleo and Emma. Or, rather, Mosstide and Frostpelt.

"Wait, wait wait." Mosstide says. "You're not even going out without a fight?!"

Frostpelt just stares, small kitty mouth hanging agape. She looks hysterical! Just imagine; frosty white fur, startlingly grey-blue-green eyes, that expression of slack-jawed amazement on her ridiculously cute face! It's hysterical!

I give a little snort. "No, _Cleo_," I say momentarily forgetting about our current -or _cattent_ -condition. "We drive them to the lake. Then, we can take them out with our powers!"

I look up to see their momentarily humorous faces. Then, I remember that we are hopelessly surrounded by a ring of hungry foxes, distracting the cat we were spying on from being in her fighting stance.

"What are you doing here?" Ivypool hisses, still facing the foxes. Go get me help!"

"No, way!" I say.

"Yeah," Emma chimes in.

"We're warriors, too!" Cleo says.

"Not really." Ivypool says. "Even if you were, I am the senior warrior, and I say _go get help_!"

With that, she plunges into battle with the foxes.

"Cleo, you're the fastest." Emma quickly says. It's true, Cleo was determined to get the hang of these bodies before we did, she was always the last to master her powers. "Go get help: Jayfeather, Bramblestar, Lionheart, any warrior who can help!"

With a curt nod of resignation, Cleo scrambles through the dirtplace tunnel to get help. Emma- well, Frostpelt- and I plunge into the small fray of the battle.

* * *

><p>Emma Pov<p>

Ivypool is bleeding from multiple injuries, on the verge of collapsing only a minute into the battle. She hisses, catching out eyes, but continues fighting. Cleo will be here soon.

I use my tail to slightly frost over Ivypool's wounds to staunch the bleeding. They don't do much good, but a little better is better than nothing.

I unsheathe my thorny claws, and jump on the nearest fox. His mangy coat provides a good hold, unlike my unknotted, glossy pelt. They don't call me "Frostpelt" for nothing! Frost does wonders to keep your hair neat - it's like hair spray! Well, back to the battle.

I jumped on a many fox's back. He tried to shake me, but my claws gripped him tightly. Another fox tried to bite me, but I froze his muzzle with a flick of my tail. He scrambled about in his confusion, and rammed his muzzle into a tree. As soon as the ice broke, he ran away, howling dizzily. By this time, Cleo had returned with a hoarde of other warriors, working in groups of two or three to take down a fox. Many foxes turned tail, and I noticed -disapprovingly, of course that many of them had first or second degree burns covering their pelts, or bald spots where there had once been hair. I hissed at the rest of the fleeing foxes.

"And stay away!" Flaimtail/Rikki yelled after them.

The rest of the warriors that had come from the camp stared at us. Jayfeather was tending to Ivypool's numerous wounds.

"There." He said. That should do it. I need help getting her to my den, though."

His words getting no responce, he looked up, his glazed, unseeing eyes flicking about. "What's going on?" He said gravely.

All of the warriors looked at him. "The three..." a faint voice said. "The three have saved you." A ghostly body of a cat started to form. "You still need them..." His pelt took on a fire red tint. "They have one more task before they must return to their own world. And don't worry, they will explain what happened..." Firestar's body started to fade.

"No!" a cat yowled "Firestar, don't leave!" Mewed another. Soon, all of the warriors were acting like kits again, crying and mewing for Firestar to stay! Help them! While the last of his starry body disappeared into the morning light.

* * *

><p>"What happened here?" Squirrelflight asked the empty air that reeked of the metallic, unsavory stench of blood. "Where is Ivypool?"<p>

Squirrelflight entered the Thunder clan camp ground, full of questions, and was met with the sight of the whole clan clamoring beneath the high rock.

"Hey, Lionheart!" She hissed. "What happened?"

"Foxes." He said grimly. "The new three saved us. And, Squirrelflight, your dad came."

* * *

><p>OK! I think I will leave it there. Wow! That was 1,103 words! Not my very best, but not my very worst, either!

Anyways, I am going to abandon you, my poor, poor readers, for a while. :-(But, I hope you all have an amazing Summer break! I won't write another chapter when I get back unless I get AT LEAST five reviews! I don't care if it is a smiley face, or just plain "dot dot dot", please review and make my break! I will give a giant shout out to all of my reviewers in the next chapter. Also, I would like to thank my newest follower, Irishdancingrulz1776 , for following and reviewing my story! You made me remember to write for y'all. Reviews are nice, AND make me want to write! So, write y'all in a couple weeks, and R&R! :-)

9. Recovery

**Last time, on Water Warriors! **

"**"What happened here?" Squirrelflight asked the empty air that reeked of the metallic, unsavory stench of blood. "Where is Ivypool?"**

"**Squirrelflight entered the Thunder clan camp ground, full of questions, and was met with the sight of the whole clan clamoring beneath the high rock.**

"**"Hey, Lionheart!" She hissed. "What happened?"**

"**"Foxes." He said grimly. "The new three saved us. And, Squirrelflight, your dad**** came."**

* * *

><p>Frostpelt POV:<p>

I awoke to the early morning mist. We had fought the foxes yesterday, and I was half starved. Pulling myself up, I realized that I was in Jayfeather's den.

"Hello?" I called. "Anyone here?" Only a few echos and silence answered. I tried to walk out, but I stumbled. Limping, I made it to the door of the den.

Tripping again, I landed flat on my stomach, my head knocking into someone's forepaws.

My eyes shot up. In slow motion, I saw Jayfeather stumbling backwards, flinging a soggy moss bundle onto my back. The moment the water touches my fur, a cloud of steam shoots up. A moment later, I am a cat with a tail. I shudder as my cat tail detaches from my fish one.

"Jayfeather!" I yowl in my small fury. "Just look at what you've

done! Now I have to tell my secret like THIS!" I know it is just a small thing, but I just woke up. I am always cranky when I wake up. Speaking of waking up, where were those two so-called friends of mine?! They just abandoned me to get splashed!

Out of the corner of my eye, I realize that the two lumps that I thought was a nest were actually Mosstied and Flametail. Oops.

"I can't see, remember?" Jayfeather hisses angrily, bring me back to the present. He stalks out of his den, calling to the morning fresh air, "Hey! Frostpelt is a wake! Ready to know what is going on with these weird prophesy cats? 'Cuz I am!"

* * *

><p>Bramblestar POV:<p>

Laying on my own in a bush, I hear Squirrelflight and Ivypool talking. As they get closer, I close my eyes and just listen to the sound of the voice of my beloved Squirrelflight. No, Downypelt is my beloved. But why do I love Squirrelflight more, then?!

"...and that is what happened in the fight." Ivypool says, stopping in front of my bush.

"I feel so bad!" Squirrelflight replys. "If we weren't planning on meeting then, you wouldn't be so bad off! We are so lucky that we figured out what was going on with Downypelt and Snowtuft so soon after you took poppy seeds."

"Yeah." Ivypool says. "Thank Star Clan that we know exactly what happened between Snowtuft and Downypelt, the traitorous, Dark Forest Trash."

Wait, DFT? Downypelt frequents the Dark Forest?! Time to reveal myself.

"Girls, today is a day of rest. Tell me what happened, please. If my mate is a traitor, then I need to know." I say, seating myself on the bed of pine needles.

Looking at each other, Squirrelflight and Ivypool nod to each other. They begin to tell me about the affair between Snowtuft and Downypelt.

* * *

><p>No one's POV:<p>

Flametail blinked, opening her eyes. From the position of the sun overhead, it was either dawn or noon. Dawn, by the looks of the groggy camp from the medicine cat cave. Pulling myself to my feet, I see Emma, with her fish tail out, laying on the floor in front of Jayfeather, shouting at him.

"Jayfeather!" She yowls. "Just look at what you've done! Now I have to tell my secret like THIS!"

"I can't see, remember?" Jayfeather hisses.

Struggling to my feet, I walk on my tender pads towards them.
"Jayfeather, please sit down." I say, every one of my limbs feeling as heavy as lead. "You need to hear this. Our explanation, I mean."

**20 minutes later...

>

"...And that's what we are, and how we got here." I say. "Time for a sentimental life's story! Jayfeather, would you?"

"...No." Jayfeather replies. "The clan has to hear about your abilities."

Frostpelt looks deep in thought, then, she jolts up. "Jayfeather!" She meows excitedly, more perky than a newborn kit. "I can let you see the real world for a few moments!"

Before he had time to respond, complain, or talk in any way, form, or fashion, Emma slowly flicked her tail into position, and tapped each of Jayfeather's eyelids three times with it's tip. The two black rings at the end glowed, and his clearish blue eyes lit up with a green pulsing light. Fading a little with each pulse of the light, the green in his eyes made him gasp, and run into the sun light. For the first time in his life, Jayfeather could see something besides a Starclan Vision. His elation was clear in his eyes, and in his slack kitty jaw. Looking around, He saw many clan cats, and they all looked closely at his almost back to normal eyes. As the last of the green disappeared, he sank to the ground.

"Best. Day." Jayfeather whispered, then yowled, " EVER!"

Smiling at each other, Emma and I settled in beside Cleo, who was still asleep, and drifted off, back into out happy oblivion.

* * *

><p>So! My Grandfather is still alive. I have had FOUR REVIEWS, and thank you to EVERYONE who read my was about 1, 000 words, so Yay! I am currently reading some interesting Harry Potter stories, so that was distracting me. Sorry!
**

**Reviewers: **

Sakuragurl

**megan
(Guest)**

bluefeatherofriverclan

thegaarmy

**Thank you all! I will try try try to update as soon as humanly possible, but I want at least FIVE REVIEWS! I mean it this time! :-P Also, Enjoy your summer! It doesn't last forever. Also, my new muse is Mr. Neville Longbottom!
>

**Neville: Hulloo, everyone! I need to run from GG before she uses the

Patronus on me, but Hullo, anyways! Bye!**

GG: Get back here! Expecto Patronum! Run while you can! Mwa ha ha ha ha! }:-)

10. Telling Secrets

**Hi! I haven't had five reviews yet, but PLEASE PLEASE PLEASE keep reviewing! It helps me keep writing! Thank you to my three reviewers:
**

Irishdanceringrulz1776

**Mew Sakura the Cyniclon **

**pepper203 **

**Also, note for megan (guest) : if you want alerts for whenever a new chapter comes out, you can make an account! **

Thank you again! Now, on with the story! :-D

* * *

><p>Downypelt POV:<p>

"Let all cats old enough to catch their own prey gather beneath the High Rock for a clan meeting!" Bramblestar yowled. "Downypelt and I have an announcement to make!"

Realizing that he was announcing my kits on the way, I clambered up to stand next to my "mate."

"Downypelt is having kits!" Bramblestar said. "But, not with me."

What? How does he know that? My face must be a mask of horror and shock. I try to compose myself, but I feel the heat of The eyes of the clan burn into my soul. Should I confess? No. Not yet.

" My so called 'mate' is having kits with the Dark Forest cat, Snowtuft!" Bramblestar hisses.

The clan draws in a collective breath. Should I act innocent? Plead guilty? What should I do?! My head is spinning. My eyes roll back into my skull, and I faint dead away.

* * *

><p>Lionheart POV:<p>

"I think she fainted" Murmers break out in the croud of cats. Eventually, Jayfeather stands up and speaks.

"If she fainted, I want two apprintaces to drag her to my den. She may be a traitor, but she is pregnant, so she is at risk. While we are all here, the New Three have something to tell everyone. I will take care of Downypelt, traitor or not." Jayfeather promptly pads away after his speech.

Two apprentices, Clawpaw and Halfpaw, pull her off the Highrock and into Jayfeather's den.

"Well?" I ask. "Are you three going to share your story or not?"

Nodding sagely, Frostypelt leaps gracefully up onto the rock followed by Mosstide and Flametail.

"We are mercats. We used to be huma- Two-legs." Frostypelt says.

"If we get touched by water from the belly or farther along our bodies, we sprout another tail, a fish tail, in place of our hind legs." Flametail adds.

"Finally, we have powers that we control with our cat tails." Mosstide finishes the speech.

A wet wad of moss is torn into three pieces by the self-proclaimed mercats, under the entire clan's watchful yet incredulous gaze.

The moss is touched to their bellies, and soon, the clan believes the double tailed, fish cats.

"And that's not even half of it!" Flametail says.

* * *

><p>Five minutes later, the clan has been filled in on everything. The powers, Firestar and Bluestar fetching them form around the world as "mermaids" as they call themselves. Overwhelmed, I pad to the warriors den to absorb what I had just heard.<p>

Apparently, many other cats needed to do so as well. Laying in our nests, we fell asleep, still thinking.

* * *

><p>Done! This was 503 words long!

11. Blood of the Phoenix

Mossypelt POV:

"Oh, what to do, what to do! All of those cats must think that we're psychos." I dither.

"Relax, Cleo!" Flametail says. "Firestar said we only have one more thing to do before we can go home. Remember, Jayfeather said that he'd show us how?"

"I know, I know, but we're still here, and the other cats must think that we're freaks!" I wail.

"We sort of are freaks, Cleo." Emma interjects.

"No, you're not." A new voice says.

"Who was that?" Rikki says, her voice uncharacteristically quivering at the sudden noise.

"I am Phoenixblood." A dark, brownish red cat says, stepping into a patch of light in the small den that we occupied. "I know your final task."

* * *

><p>AN: I was going to end it here, but I haven't written practically all summer, so I am going to *_try try try_*** to finish before my school starts. Please don't be angry if I miss that deadline. Also, I will write bonus today because I want to appease everyone who is angry at the lack of writing. **

* * *

><p>No One's POV:<p>

"I am Phoenixblood." A dark, brownish red cat says, stepping into a patch of light in the small den the girls occupied. "I know your final task."

"Really?! What is it?!" Frostpelt yelps, desperate to get home through the knowledge.

"I cannot tell you yet," the self proclaimed bearer of the final task states in a gravelly, mysterious voice. "But what I can tell you, is that it has to do with Jayfeather."

"Jayfeather?" Flametail asks. "The blind medicine cat?"

"Yes." Phoenixblood says. "He, Ivypool, and Dovewing are the ones you must save, from a fate so terrible and so grave. And, with the help of another, like Squirrelflight, you can destroy a mysterious blight."

"Um, Mr. Blood, are you OK? You're looking kind of pale." Flametail says, slightly worried. But it is true. Before their very eyes, Phoenixblood slowly fades into shimmering, iridescent stars, which then burst silently into a pile of glitter.

* * *

><p>So, that's all I got! Thank you to pepper203 and Mew Sakura the Cyniclon for reviewing chapter 11. I beg reviews, for they make me update faster! :-) Till next time, Peace!

_Goodgirl275

12. Jayfeather

**_PLEASE READ AUTHOR'S NOTE!_
>

* * *

><p>Hi! I had to do a little research on penicillin before I

wrote this up, but I hope you enjoy it! :-) Also, in the story, I describe an injury in some detail. I will put the description in bold. If you don't want to read it, just read "Infected gash on a tom's dirtied flank" instead of what I wrote. It may be easier for some people to stomach. Thank you!

****Thank you to: ****

****Mew Sakura the Cyniclon ****

****pepper203 ****

****Irishdanceringrulz1776 ****

****for reviewing! ****

****Jayfeather: Why do you act so official all the time? It's not like they can see you or hear your tone of voice. ****

****GG: Quiet, Jayfeather. Time to start. ****

****Neville: Can I do the disclaimer? ****

****GG: No. ****

****Rikki: I'll do it! Goodgirl275 does not own anything that you recognize! ****

****Nev: Rikki! ****

****Emma: Shut up, all of you! ****

****Cleo: On with the story! XD ****

*** * ***

><p>Frostpelt POV:<p>

It had been three days since Phoenixblood's little "visit."

"Frostpelt! Mosstide! Flametail! Come quick!" Squirrelflight mewed. "Something terrible has happened!"

Bursting out of our small, sun dappled cave, we ran silently behind Squirrelflight without a word. Leading us through the camp, we skreeched to a halt outside the medicine cat den.

Peeking inside, I hissed, cringing, in sympathy as I saw the ****gaping, pink-red wound. The infected gash oozed puss, fat and blood. The slightly matted fur around the gash was covered in dirt. **Where was the injury? Running from Jayfeather's hind quarter's, along his back, and to his left shoulder blade. ****
>

"Do you know what's happening?" Squirrelflight asked. "All he did was get scratched by a branch, but now, he can't communicate with Starclan! Wh have to do something!"

"Relax, Squirrelflight." Rikki said calmly. "He just needs some

penicillin. No big deal."

"What is, penith... Peniss.. illian? What ever you just said?!" Squirrelflight asked hopefully.

"Just some bacterial medicine that helps cure bad infections." Cleo says. Noticing the stares directed at her, she defensively retaliates, "What? There was a dolphin that needed some once at the Water Park!"

Shrugging it off, I decide to speak. "Squirrelflight, we can cure him, but we need to figure out how to get home first, to get to the medicine that can save him."

"Of corse!" Squirrelflight says. "But only Jayfeather knew how to get you home, and he is sick!"

"Squirrelflight, I think that you can help us." Rikki says nervously. "At least, that's what Phoenixblood said."

"What who said?" Squirrelflight asks.

"Phoenixblood?" Rikki says. "The Starclan cat?"

"Who?" Everyone but Cleo, Rikki and I ask.

"PHEE- Nix- BLUD!" We enunciate.

"I don't think we can understand the cat's name," Squirrelflight says. "But we'll take your word for it."

"We?" I ask. Then look around the room. Embarrassed, I see Ivypool, Dovewing, Lionblaze, Bramblestar, and many others.

"Hey, where's Downypelt?" Cleo asks, being logical for once.

"We didn't know if what Jayfeather has was contagious, so we moved her to a guarded cave near yours." Bramblestar replies.

Stepping forward, Ivypool speaks, "I think that I may know how to take them home. They were found in the moon pool, correct?" She asks. Seeing affirmative nods, she continues, "So maybe they have to go back. And have someone go with them."

"Ivypool, I think you're right!" Rikki says excitedly. "It has to be Squirrelflight. That's what Phoenixblood - oops, I mean, the Starclan tom that visited us, said it had to be. He also said that... hmm... who else did he say may get sick?" She asked.

"Ivypool and Dovewing." I say grimly. "There's not a moment to lose! Squirrelflight, Rikki, Cleo! Let's go the this moon pool!"

* * *

><p>AN: Thank you for reading! I hope to finish the story before my school starts in about two weeks, but don't be angry if I don't make my deadline! Anyways, thank you for reading. Reviews help me keep morale high, and if I get five reviews, I will update twice as much in the coming weeks. Thank you again, and please please please review! Also, this **chapter was 704 words long, if

you wanted to know. **

13. Going Home

**Hi! I am going to post a poll on my profile for what Squirflight will be called in the human world. If you don't like any of the name choices, please review and/or PM me with an idea. **

**Nev: Can we start? I'm still sleepy from the sleeping spell that you tried to cast. **

**GG: I don't care! **

**Cleo: You should care. All life on earth matters! I may prefer sea life, but everything all relative. **

**Rikki: You, know, Cleo? Sometimes, you make no sense at all.
**

**Emma: Let's just start, already. **

* * *

><p>No one's POV:<p>

The small procession of four cats slipped solemnly through the woods. Silence pressing in on them from all sides, not even the birds chirruped as they sensed the dark nature of the heavy, stifling air.

CRACK!

A noise echoes through the air, breaking the silence and giving a shock to the four she-cats trooping through the dense forrest.

"Only a branch," Squirflight says, sighing in relief. Her normally glossy coat is pouffed up in nervousness, and as the other three cats watch, it settles back into it's normal, flatter, arrangement.

"HA, HA HA HA HA!" The cats laugh, breaking the tension that held birds throats soundless, other animal's movements nervous and quick. Breaking into a run, the cats leap towards their destination.

* * *

><p>Cleo POV:<p>

"OK, girls." I say, gazing out at the starry water, glinting in the light of the half moon. "Let's do this."

Taking a deep breath, Flametail, Frostpelt and I step into the ice-cold water.

"Well?" Rikki asks. "You commin', Squirflight?"

Nodding determinedly, Squirflight takes one hesitant step after another. Cringing, she pads into the shallows of the water. Her paws about to get hypothermia, she balances on a rock shelf, then dives in as naturally as a Riverclan cat.

"Brrrr." She says, kitty teeth chattering from the cold. "This is freezing!"

"Thank you, captain Obvious." Rikki says, then lowers her belly fur to the water, instantly changing. I watch as her cat tail detaches itself from her fish tail. Copying her motions, Frostpelt and I quickly change, then start warming ourselves up in the water.

"Squirrelflight?" I ask when I don't see the distinctive ginger she-cat above the water.

"Here!" She replies with a gasp, surfacing from the icy pool. "So, how do we leave for your world?"

"We're not exactly sure." Frostpelt replies, "but we believe we have to use magic. "

* * *

><p>No One's POV:<p>

"We're not exactly sure." Frostpelt replies to Squirrelflight, "but we believe we have to use magic. "

Nodding nervously, Squirrelflight swims to the center of the pond. Unconsciously, Cleo, Emma and Rikki form a triangle around Squirrelflight.

Treading water with their fish tails, the mercats raise their cat tails up, up, up, above the water. Flexing, curling, vibrating, the cat tails move, using mermaid water magic to bring a column of water up around Squirrelflight, raising her high above their heads. Then, with a noise like a heard of elephants trumpeting, the water comes crashing down with Squirrelflight. Where the she-cat once was, there is now a whirlpool rapidly spinning out.

"Squirrelflight!" The mercats cry, jumping into the portal right before it closes.

* * *

><p>So! I hope you enjoyed the chapter. Remember to check out my new poll to vote on you're favorite name for our newest cat-turned human! BTW, this was 577 words. R&R! :-)

14. Ginger

hi! Story almost over must write.

* * *

><p>Squirrelflight POV:<p>

Slipping under water in a whirlpool of liquid, pain prickled my skin, as if the water were set to heat on flames.

Opening my eyes as much as I could, I saw a funnel of water, the

liquid distorting my vision. Dreamlike, I peered into the water, catching a ghostly glimpse of the Starclan hunting grounds. I saw Bluestar and Firestar in the fading image through the water, their starry pelts glittering with stars.

I tried to swim towards them, and air, against the current of the walls of water. Speaking of air, the remaining oxygen in my lungs was fading fast, and I feared that I wouldn't be able to reach the land so close, yet so far away from me.

My muscles began to burn, from swimming as hard as I could against the current. When I put my paws in front of me next, they weren't paws. My claws were elongating, the pads of my feet stretching and softening. The prickles of pain were where the fur of my body was drawing into my skin, the sore, cramped muscles from the changing of my body shape and metabolism. I expected my bones to start grinding, the pain to tear me apart, but instead, my bones changing, becoming more dense and less agile, only burned numbly. My ears dragged painfully down the sides of my head, changing shape and making it harder to hear. My teeth put me in agony from grinding down into stubby, two-leg teeth. My green eyes became shiny and moved, still keeping their cat-like quality, but losing the sharp details of when they were in their natural shape.

Eventually, I blacked out at the pain and air deprivation.

* * *

><p>No One's POV:<p>

Cleo, Rikki, and Emma were being sucked into the whirlpool at incredible speeds. When they had changed into cats, they had experienced no pain, only a little numb and stiff-leggedness as they got used to their new bodies. The transformation to being a human, however, they felt as if it were painless. Their bodies felt natural recomposing itself into it's original shape. To their surprise, They became suspended in air in the middle of a tunnel of falling water; yet, they were dry, as if they weren't just met a moment ago.

Unlike the clothes they were wearing when they changed into cats, they wore strangely soft-knit clothes. Emma wore a frosty white top that accented her curving waist, and pants that looked like jeans. Her shoes were sandals made with beach wood colored soles, and braided straps the color of her hair.

Rikki wore a molted red and blue tube top, with a green vest. She wore a cleverly knotted skirt that looked like a beach towel might use the pattern. She wore red all star high-tops, perfect for a jog.

Cleo's new threads were the prettiest, though. She wore a ocean blue tube top, with a diamond studded belt. She wore a tight, knee length turquoise skirt, and she had knit green slippers.

The biggest shock was another girl falling with them, who looked remarkably like Charlotte.

* * *

><p>Squirrelflight POV:<p>

When I came to, I was in a cave of naturally formed rock, looking up into the mouth of a volcano far above my head.

My eyes drifted open again, and I turned my head to the right. There was a naturally forming pool there, and I saw a cyclone of water surging up, up, and to the top of the volcano. Dyeing out, the water tunnel slowly evaporated to a heavy mist, and three two-leg girls stepped out. This was too much for my struggling mind, so I blacked out. Again.

* * *

><p>Emma POV:<p>

As we stepped out of the tunnel in our new threads, the mist supporting us as we walked over the water to shore.

"Cleo?" Asked Rikki.

"Yeah?"

"Your new outfit looks sooo cool!" She squeals.

"Ugghh," A new voices says, snapping our attention to a girl on the shore. At first glance, the girl reminds us of Charlotte; we step forward to take a closer look.

Laying on her back, eyes closed, on the pebbled shore, the first thing we notice about her is her top-heavyness. With an ample bust, she is lithe with wiry muscles and sharp, defined cheek bones. The next most attention-getting thing about her is her hair. Slightly curly and puffy, it is a breath-taking shade of red.

Her eyes drift open for a moment, then shut again. They open wider, showing viberant electric green irises, unlike Charlotte's honey golden brown eyes. Her pupils dilate in fear, and her hair puffs out into a mane. Whimpering, she curls into a ball, her face away from us.

Realizing who she is, I ask, "Squirrelflight?"

* * *

><p>Squirrelflight POV:<p>

My eyes drift open again, only to see the strange two-legs peering at me as if I were in a pet shop.

I whimper so quietly, not even a mouse could hear me. I try to move my limbs in the fashion I always move them, but only end up shifting my balance, rolling on my side away from the girls. I feel my fur on top of my head rise in fear. Where is the rest of my body fur?

Don't hyperventilate, If you do, It'll just be wor-

"Squirrelflight?" I hear someone say behind me.

"Fro-frostpelt?" I breathe. "Don't look now, but there are three two-legs behind me. I hurt all over. What is happening?!" My thoughts

go muhzy, and I faint again.

* * *

><p>Cleo POV:<p>

"Well, what happened is..." Emma begins droning on about how the water funnel seemed to have made us all humans, but I see her hair fall before Emma starts talking.

Rikki and I edge around her.

"Emma?" I say, stopping her mid-sentence. "I think she blacked out from sensory overload."

"What's that supposed to mean?" Rikki asks.

"Her body is making her black out so that she doesn't have a panic attack. I'm not sure if it's common." Emma replies, sighing. "Let's take her to the hospital."

"Great idea, Emma!" Rikki says. "Let's take the psycho cat-girl to a hospital where scary people poke her around. Then let's see what she does and says."

"We could always say she hit her head on a rock and isn't thinking straight." I suggest.

"Perfect!" Emma says. "Besides the fact that 'Squirrelflight' isn't exactly the most common name out there."

"How about Ginger?" Rikki suggests. "What?" She says defensively at the looks she receives. "She has red hair, and Ginger _is _a real name. She's a ginger 'ninger'" Rikki says giggling.

"Y'know," Emma says, starting to smile, "This just might work."

Giving her goofy, lopsided grins, Rikki and I each grab on arm.

"Now how do we get her out of the cave?" Emma says.

"Simple," I say. "We climb on each other out of the tunnel, and we shove her out. _We_ swim out, hike the island, grab her, then make a small raft to drag her to the mainland shore on."

"Then it's settled." Rikki says. "Come on, girls! We have some work to do."

With that, we start getting ready to leave the island.

* * *

><p>Whewf! That was **exhausting! Just so you know, the story is almost over. Thank you to the 2 people who voted! I wish more people had, but we reached a leader. So, tell me what you think of "Ginger"! This was 1,280 words. Goodgirl out! **

OK, School starts for me in 3 days, so this most likely won't be finished by then. However, I am going to start drawing the story to a conclusion. Thank you to all my readers and supporters for reviewing and encouraging me! Now, on with the story! XD

* * *

><p>Squirrlflight POV:<p>

_"BEEEEP... _

_BEEEEP BEEEEP... _

BEEEEP... "

I awoke to the sound of a heart monitor, not that I knew what it was when I woke. My eyes cracked open. I saw a blurry image of two-legs standing over me in white... wait, two-legs? Standing over me?!

I tried to run, but my legs were tied to the table. Not being able to move, I spasmed uncontrollably, trying to escape.

The moment i started jerking around, I heard angry people yelling fuzzily. My energy spent, I drifted off into oblivion again, but not before I felt something painfully poke the bend in my foreleg.

* * *

><p>The next time I awoke, I was lying on a cot my body sore and my mind numb. As my vision cleared, I saw white curtains surrounding me, the stark white contrasting with my vibrant red hair.<p>

A plump woman in a knee length white dress peeked into my room.

I closed my eyes, playing dead.

"I'm sorry dear, but you need to wake up," She said. "You've been out for long enough already, and you need to take some medicine."

Stepping fully into the room, I saw her long blond hair coiled in a knot on top of her head.

"Where am I?" I asked, slowly shaping the words in my dry, leaden mouth.

"The hospital, dear." She replied. "Where those kind girls who were kidnapped for two weeks took you."

Girls? Kidnapped ones? What was she talking about?

"Look, I just need to grab three doses of Penicillan, then I'll be out of your hair..." I tried to slide out of bed, but instead, I crumpled to the ground in pain before I got anywhere.

"Dear, you're in no shape to go anywhere." The nurse said. "I'll help you back in bed, and the girls said that they'd come by tomorrow. Sleep well now!"

With that, she popped a pill in my mouth, plopped me on the bed, and rushed off.

Staring after her in disbelief, I spat the pill out into my hand.

"Yuck." I said. With that, I bent my arms, and levered myself out of the starchy wool sheets. My feet landed on the ground. I hesitantly picked up my right foot, and set down in front of me. I repeated the motion with my left foot.

Right foot, left foot. Right foot, left foot.

For the next ten minutes, I taught myself how to walk, and practiced. From the glimpses I had caught of two-legs over the seasons, I realized that the body I occupied was very fit.

Twenty minutes later, I was running around the screened in room. I was ready to go.

Poking my head out of the screen, I saw that I was at the end of a sick bay, right next to a large, open hole in the wall.

Walking confidently towards the hole, I jumped up, swinging my legs over into- Ouch! Glass?

Sighing, I went back into my curtained room. The girls would get me home somehow. I hope.

* * *

><p>Done! Sorry it is so short, I have to go to book club. Please review! This was 582 words. XD

16. Elvira vs Ella

Hi! First day of school, typing during study hall. Enjoy!

* * *

><p>Cleo POV:<p>

"Where have you been?!" People flung themselves at Emma, Rikki, and I, and, of course, the unconscious red head in our arms.

"Kidnapped." Rikki said, thinking quickly. "We were kidnapped. She helped us escape, but I think she suffered some brain damage. Her name is Ginger."

Random bystanders, police, and a doctor stared at us.

"Cleo?" I heard someone call. Turning, I saw Kim's tear-stained face staring at me, bone white, as if she was seeing a ghost. "Cleo!"

She ran towards me, coming in for a hug. As if in slow motion, I saw her tears start afresh, and the consequences of getting wet flashed in my mind. She was tormented enough with my disappearance, probably, and if she grabbed on, I'd have to push her off and run.

My thoughts took the place of a second.

"Kim!" I yelled. "Stop!"

Screeching to a halt, she calls to me, "What, Cleo? Can't your sister give her older, just appeared out of nowhere sister a hug?! Where where you Dad was worried! And as much as I hate to admit it, _I_ was worried!" She breaks down into sobs on the pavement in front of me.

Walking towards her under my friends' and the crowds' watchful eyes, I sink to the pavement and hug her around the back, careful of the snotty tears staining her face and the top of her shirt.

"Come on." I say. "Let's get my friend to the hospital, then go home."

"Ok." She says, gaining a bit of her composure. "But I call first shower. You smell!"

I grin a bit, then we get up, and start walking towards Squirrelflight's unmoving body.

* * *

><p>Ginger POV:<p>

After I had been awake for several hours with nothing to do, I called out, "Hello?"

Instantly, the odd lady from before popped her head in. She was chewing something in her mouth, which had a hastily done coat of lipstick painted on. Her dull blond hair was in a knotted pile on top of her head, in the strange light, her eyes looked as cold and dull as a snake's.

"Yes dear?" She asked.

I stare at her for a moment, then snap out of my trance-like state. "Oh! I was bored. Give me something to do?" I requested.

"We don't have TVs, you'll have to make do with books." She said matter-of-factly, her voice sounding nasal and bored. "We do, however, have an amazing selection of books."

Books? I had heard two-legs say that word before. I did not, however, know what a TV was.

"OK" I say, still wondering what a book is.

She leaves the room, only to be back in a minute. She has a cart of what I assume are books.

"Here." She says snidely, handing me a thick volume.

"It's the Oddesey. If you finish that, I'll let you borrow the Illiad." She narrows her eyes at me. "You better not damage them. They're expensive books." With a flick of her head, she leaves.

I wonder what these books do? I open the cover of the large book she handed me. It's blank. I turn the pages, one after the next. On almost every page, there are random scribbles of varying sizes. Still bored, I sniff the air, opening my mouth to better taste the scents. Strangely, all this did was make me sneeze. I couldn't taste scents, no matter how hard I tried! I sniffled, and brought in a snootful of smell. I sit up in surprise and shock. I cautiously sniff again, and smell a delectably creamy smell. My mouth waters.

"Um, excuse me, lady who keeps popping in?" I ask.

It takes a minute, but all traces of good humor are gone. "What?" She asks harshly. "Such a pain in the butt." Muttering the woman nearly turns to go before I remind her of the reason that she's here.

"Yeah, I heard that." I say, sad she doesn't like me. "I'm hungry."

"Hungry she says." The lady mocks in a whiney voice. "And little young me has to fetch her some soup."

"Actually," I begin to reprimand, "I want the creamy food that I keep smelling. Also, who are you, and what do you have against me?"

Slitting her eyes 'till I thought them closed, she hissed, "I hate cats. I never noticed before today, but you smell of cats! You rotten flea bags who like cats can get lost and go to hell, for all I care."

With that, she turned on her heel and marched out of the room.

Popping her head back in, she spoke. "Oh! And my name is Elvira, miss _Ginger_."

"Who is Ginger, I wonder." I muttered after she had left.

Getting out of bed, I wandered to the curtain. Seeing no one, I followed my nose towards the smell, not noticing the new nurse with a bowl of warm, delicious soup. I walked past her, following my nose, and swung back around to look at her.

"Eep!" I yelp, not startling her a bit.

"You must be Ginger." She says to me. "Hungry?"

* * *

><p>Five minutes later, I am at the bottom of my soup bowl. Slurping the last drop, I sigh in happiness.<p>

The nice lady who brought me the soup turned out to be named Ella. She disliked Elvira, and told me of the abuse given to her patients. When I had began lapping the soup, she gave me funny looks, but continued.

Interrupting her mid sentence, I say, "Well, thanks for the soup, Ella. Please come back soon, but I need a nap. Bye!" I gently shove

her out the door, and climb into bed, not noticing the wooden soup bowl still in the middle of the floor.

Ella sneaks in, to find me gently snoring in the hospital standard issue bed. Smiling, sighing, and shaking her head fondly, Ella picks up the bowl and tiptoes out to let me rest.

* * *

><p>So that's it! Yay! I plan to update next week, but I am not sure if I will get the chance. First weeks of school, and all. Anyways, please feel free to review, PM me, suggest something, or just get your voice heard! I read all of the comments. Have a great first few weeks of school! XD

Post Script : This was 1, 190 words! Yay!

17. The Girls Return!

**Sorry it's been so long! R&R! **

* * *

><p>Emma Pov:<p>

It's been two weeks since we got back. I wonder how Squirrlflight is doing. Speaking of Squirrlflight, what about the other cats?!

Stirring my Strawberry Banana Smoothie at the outside dining area of the Juice Net Cafe, I mull over my thoughts, oblivious to the ranting of Rikki, and the humming of Cleo.

"Huh?" I ask, looking up when all noise stops.

"We were asking if you wanted to visit Ginger today." Says Rikki in a 'duh' tone of voice.

"Of course! I always do!" I say, surprised that Cleo actually agreed today. She hasn't gone to the hospital since we got back and dropped off Squirrlflight...

"Oh, Cleo." I breathe happily. "Thank you for agreeing to go!" I grin in elation.

"Hold your mermen, Emma..." Cleo begins. "I don't want to go. Rikki was only trying to convince me to go with your support."

"C'mon, Cleo! You know ya wanna!" Rikki tempts.

"No means no, Rikki," Said Cleo, annoyed.

"If you want me to cry, then you'll stay. If you want me to finally be happy, then you have to come! Ginger needs us!" I feel I am beginning to sway her.

"Fine." Says Cleo, prompting a celebration.

"Yay!" Rikki says. "Next round's on me, then we can go to visit

her."

* * *

><p>Ginger POV:<p>

"Bye, Ella! Thanks for the food!" I call after my new nurse.

After Elvira started attacking me, the head doctor moved me to the recovery ward, and assigned Ella as my official caretaker.

I was losing my cat-like habits, and, what was worse, the longer I stay here, the more I forget about home. The only thing I remember of my old life is Jayfeather's illness, and that I need to get him penicillin, and I need to get home, fast!

I curl up on the bed. I was told of Cleo, Rikki, and Emma, and the fact that my saviors should rescue me soon, but I was emotionless about it. I was grateful, but what I really wish is that they would
-

"Ginger!" Calls Ella

"Ella, I thought I told you I was taking a nap." I mumble sleepily.

Then I heard the fateful words:

"There are visitors here to take you Home."

* * *

><p>There! Study hall is over, so you'll have to make do with that. BTW, this 407 words!

Goodgirl out!

18. Please Help Stop SOPA!

I read a message from a fellow writer Zgogery in his story, and saw more note and messages from even more, that SOPA is back. The bill that is threatening to take away our freedoms on the internet is back. Not only back, but it is trying to be passed quietly so nobody notices. SOPA will guarantee that anybody who streams a video, whether it be on youtube, a walkthrough for a video game, or a kid singing a song that is 'copyrighted' they will be treated as a felon. That is one of the highest form of criminal offensives for something as simple as uploading a video game walkthrough on youtube, playing a song with lyrics of your favorite artist and even one we all go on, this one right here.

I am telling everyone this because it effect us all here as Fanfiction will being attacked as well. A fanfiction writer can being carted off to a maximum state prison for writing a character from Naruto into their fanfic, or a character from Bleach, or a character from One Piece, Harry Potter, Percy Jackson, the list is endless. You think I an exaggerating? I assure you that if this passes it will not be long, not be long at all, because once this passes, then anything goes. Fanfiction will be attacked for using canon characters in a

fanon manner, authors will be arrested for writing a book whose main character has glasses just like in another series, artists will be arrested and confined for using sapphire blue in the iris of one of their characters like another author. This effect us all and we can not let it happen.

I figure some of you do not believe me and I can understand. I could be making this up for all you know. But I provided links below to show you I am telling the truth. Simply remove the spaces below, see for yourself.

: / www . huffingtonpost
2013/08/07/unauthorized-streaming-felony_n_3720479 . html

: / www . washingtonpost
blogs/the-switch/wp/2013/08/05/sopa-died-in-2012-b
ut-obama-administration-wants-to-revive-part-of-it /

: / www . techdirt articles/20130805/12472124074/administration-cant-
let-go-wants-to-bring-back-felony-streaming-provis ions-sopa .
shtml

: / www . youtube watch?v=1fTt4K4Cae4

We are not as powerless as we might think. We stopped SOPA before and we must do it again. Our stories, our ideas, our passion will be threaten. Everything from this to fan art to youtube is in danger of being gone forever.

I am asking you to spread the word and fight this assault on our freedoms. Because this isn't just going to affect Americans, it will affect everybody across the globe. Tell you friend, have they spread the word so we may stand up to fight this. It is our right as freedom of speech. We are not making money doing what we love, we do it because we enjoy it and want to spread our words, our ideas, our art to everyone who wishes to see it. but we can stop it but only if we stand together. Please my friends, my fellow reader and writers, don't let what we love be nothing but dust in the winds of time.

To sign a petition to help stop this, remove the spaces and go to this site:

wh . gov / lgHFN

****IF YOU LIKE READING FICS, LISTENING TO MUSIC ONLINE AND WATCHING FUNNY PARODIES OR EVEN IF YOU JUST USUALLY USE WIKIPEDIA TO DO YOUR HOMEWORK THEN SIGN THE PETITION!****

19. Fin-ally, the End

****OMG! I feel so bad, abandoning y'all for so long! I do have an excuse, I hurt my finger, so it's hard to type, but enough stalling! On with the story! XD****

* * *

><p>Last Time:

Then I heard the fateful words:

"There are visitors here to take you Home."

* * *

><p>Ginger POV:<p>

My eyes snap open. The drowsiness is gone.

Three girls wearing soft knit clothes walk around to face me.

The blonde holding a green, blue, and red bundle of clothes speaks.

"Squirrel... Flight?"

"My name is Ginger." I say. These girls make me feel happy, but I don't know why.

They look disappointed in my answer.

"Do you..." The Blonde starts. "Do you... Remember us at all?" On seeing me shake my head, she asks, "do the names Frostpelt, Flametail, and Mosstide mean anything to you? At all?" She is beginning to sound desperate.

But then... something clicks.

"Em... Ma?" I ask, the name sounding foreign to my mouth.

A tear of relief slides down her cheek.

I grin, crying myself. "Emma!"

Just as I am about to engulf her in a hug, her body turns to crystalline water magic. I gasp, and a flood of memories rush back.

"Flametail! Mosstide! Frostpelt!" I moan. "Thank StarClan you came! I was loosing my memory! We need to get that medicine, and go!"

Cleo nods, then speaks.

>"Um, Ginger?" She asks.<p>

"Mosstide, that's not my name." I say. "I'm Squirrelflight, just in a different body. And I'm ready to go home."

"Yeah, that's the thing." Cleo says.

Out of the corner of my eye, I see Flametail, or rather, Rikki, drying Emma's long golden mermaid tail. This prompts her to once again change form.

"Um, excuse me?" Ella pokes her head in. "If you're taking her home, she needs these three doses of penicillin to take with her."

As I spot the three vials, I leap out of bed, snatching them from her hand. On the way back, mid leap, specifically, I morph into a cat, painlessly, my part of the mission complete.

"Thank you, Ella. For everything." I say to her as I lay curled on my bed, ready to go home.

* * *

><p>Cleo POV:<p>

I came to tell her that I couldn't go back. I have Kim, and Dad, and Mom to worry about. I just couldn't look after a Clan of cats, too!

I turned out not to have to tell her.

When she morphed back into a cat, Ella told her story.

Ella was visited recently by a strange apparition in the form of a cat, calling himself Phoenixblood. Strangely, this phantasmic cat could talk. He said that, soon, Elvira would go mad. The only way to keep her coworker safe would be to take care of a ginger named Ginger. When she was ready, This cat, disguised as a girl, would have to take some needed medicine. Ella was to accompany her, and become a medicine cat in a different world.

This was all very mind boggling for rational Emma. I think that it's amazing. Ella will leave, and become medicine cat apprentice to Jayfeather in another, better plane of reality. She would take care of Squirrelflight.

* * *

><p>No One's POV:<p>

As the girls said "goodbye" to Squirrelflight for the last time, they bid Ella good luck.

"Take care of her." Said Emma.

The girls focussed their powers on the glistening moonpool in front of them. Using their powers simultaneously, a wooden door rose out of the nothingness at the bottom of the moon pool, and ominously creaked open.

Ella and Squirrelflight stepped in, and left the world of the mergirls for the last time.

* * *

><p>So! I'm finally done! I am getting started on my new story, Bobby's old Maid. Review or PM if you have any ideas for what Logan should do!

End
file.